

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Dance With The Devil"

### [Verse 1]

I once knew a nigga whose real name was William  
His primary concern, was making a million  
Being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen  
He used to fuck movie stars and sniff coke in his dreams  
A corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen  
Nigga never had a father and his mom was a fiend  
She put the pipe down, but for every year she was sober  
Her son's heart simultaneously grew colder  
He started hanging out, selling bags in the projects  
Checking the young chicks, looking for hit-and-run prospects  
He was fascinated by material objects  
But he understood money never bought respect  
He built a reputation 'cause he could hustle and steal  
But got locked once and didn't hesitate to squeal  
So criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real  
You see, me and niggas like this have never been equal  
I don't project my insecurities on other people  
He fiended for props like addicts with pipes and needles  
So he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil  
A feeble-minded young man with infinite potential  
The product of a ghetto-bred capitalistic mental  
Coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed  
Dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed  
But he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

### [Hook]

Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences  
You probably only did a month for minor offences  
Ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance  
But then again there's always the wicked that knew in advance  
Dance forever with the devil on a cold cell block  
But that's what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock  
Devils used to be gods angels that fell from the top  
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

### [Verse 2]

So Billy started robbing niggas, anything he could do  
To get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew  
Starting fights over little shit, up on the block  
Stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock  
Working overtime for making money for the crack spot  
Hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine  
fulfilling the Scarface fantasy stuck in his brain  
Tired of the block niggas treating him the same  
He wanted to be major like the cut-throats and the thugs  
But when he tried to step to 'em, niggas showed him no love

They told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs  
Any bitch nigga with a gun can bust slugs  
Any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood  
Even Puffy smoked a motherfucker up in a club  
But only a real thug can stab someone till they die  
Standing in front of them, staring straight into their eyes  
Billy realized that these men were well-guarded  
And they wanted to test him before business started  
Suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold-hearted  
So now he had a choice between going back to his life  
Or making money with made men, up in the cife  
His dreams about cars and ice made him agree  
A hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be  
And so he met them Friday night at a quarter to three

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

They drove around the projects slow while it was raining  
Smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment  
Until they saw a woman on the street walking alone  
Three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home  
And so they quietly got out the car and followed her  
Walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her  
They wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor  
"This is it kid, now you got your chance to be raw."  
So Billy yoked her up and grabbed the chick by the hair  
And dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there  
She struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs  
They got to the roof and then held her down on the ground  
Screaming, "Shut the fuck up and stop moving around!"  
The shirt covered her face, but she screamed and clawed  
So Billy stomped on the bitch, 'til he broken her jaw  
Them dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing  
They kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving  
Blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently  
And then they all proceeded to rape her violently  
Billy was made to go first, but each of them took a turn  
Ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned  
Her broken jaw mumbled for God but they weren't concerned  
When they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and bruised  
One of them niggas pulled out a brand new twenty-two  
They told him that she was a witness for what she'd gone through  
And if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew  
He thought about it for a minute, she was practically dead  
And so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head

[Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep]

I'm falling and I can't turn back  
I'm falling and I can't turn back

[Verse 4]

Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life

He thought about the cocaine with the platinum and ice  
And he felt strong standing along with his new brothers  
Cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover  
But what he saw made him start to cringe and stutter  
'Cause he was staring into the eyes of his own mother  
She looked back at him and cried, 'cause he had forsaken her  
She cried more painfully, than when they were raping her  
His whole world stopped, he couldn't even contemplate  
His corruption had successfully changed his fate  
And he remembered how his mom used to come home late  
Working hard for nothing, 'cause now what was he worth  
He turned away from the woman that had once given him birth  
And crying out to the sky 'cause he was lonely and scared  
But only the devil responded, 'cause god wasn't there  
And right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold  
And so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul  
They say death takes you to a better place but I doubt it  
After that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it  
And listen 'cause the story that I'm telling is true  
'Cause I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom too  
And now the devil follows me everywhere that I go  
In fact, I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows  
And every street cypher listening to little thugs flow  
He could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know  
The devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked  
White, brown, yellow and black color is not restricted  
You have a self-destructive destiny when you're inflicted  
And you'll be one of god's children that fell from the top  
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot  
So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never  
Because a dance with the devil might last you forever

*[Hidden end feat. Diabolic]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

Oh y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh? Well it's not.  
You didn't count on a fallen angel getting back into the grace of god and coming after you.  
Ya'll niggas ain't shit  
Your producers ain't shit. Your fuckin' A & R ain't shit.  
I'll fuckin' wipe my ass with your demo deal.  
Yo, Diabolic, take this motherfucker's head off!

*[Diabolic]*

Go 'head and grip Glocks  
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots  
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots  
I'll watch you topple flat  
Put away your rings and holla back  
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps  
Beneath the surface  
I'm overheatin' your receiver circuits by unleashin' deeper verses than priests speak in churches  
What you preach is worthless  
Your worship defeat the purpose

Like President Bush takin' bullets for the secret service

Beyond what y'all fathom  
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em  
Show no compassion like havin' a straight-faced orgasm  
Tour jack 'em  
Have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friend's dick  
In the mean time, you can french kiss this clenched fist  
Diabolic  
A one-man brigade spreading cancer plague  
Fist-fuckin' a pussy's face  
Holdin' a hand grenade  
So if I catch you bluffin'  
Faggot, you're less than nothin'  
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

*[Immortal Technique]*

You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me  
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army  
Storm the planet huntin' you down, 'cause I'm on a mission  
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms  
Immortal Technique'll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch  
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix  
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips  
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily  
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably  
Chemically bomb you, fuck usin' a chrome piece  
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece  
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinkin' of dissin' me  
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy  
This puppet democracy brain-washed your psychology  
So you're nothing, like diversity without equality  
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology  
Usin' numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven  
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7  
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect  
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfuckin' thug yet  
Your mind is empty and spacious  
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in a racist  
Face it, you're too basic  
You're never gonna make it  
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked